

## **Jets To Brazil "The Frequency"**

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The terror of the view, the emptiness of this room,  
always writing against this truth in the way that a  
painter must have a surface to hit. The paint is flying  
now, breaking the silence at the speed of sound.  
Hitting the frequency. She's reaching back at me warm  
and loud. Beautiful daemons fly out. And we're fighting  
for our lives to fill the corners up with light. Black spell  
casting against them now in the way that a bullet will go  
until it is stopped. And all the medicine went to my  
head again late last night. My bed of saccharine, my  
bad amphetamine. I was lit from within, burning with  
means and ends. And the city life is like a sugar high,  
knocking me out.. Keeping me wired. It's incredible.  
Unsteady chemicals come and go, the ebb and flow.  
When the measure of your work is the measure of your  
worth, then you better make it work. There's some  
people I could name, but it's not the time or place to  
split hairs with the guys downstairs. They'll get their  
fare share, I'm sure. The frequency is gonna take us  
there. And the city kids, the angry with-it kids, hate  
everything the first time. It's incredible the kind of  
chemicals knocking around in my mind. In the winter of  
my night, I found a desperate kind of light, and nothing  
comes without a fight. You want to know where the  
good thoughts grow but you ought to know where all  
the good thoughts go. You can't afford to miss a day.  
Call in sick. You better stay that way. And the city life is  
just some other guy knocking me out, wasting my time.  
Upper middle class. Infomaniac. You will get yours. I will  
get mine. So get in line, the frequency is fine.

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